

# L I F E



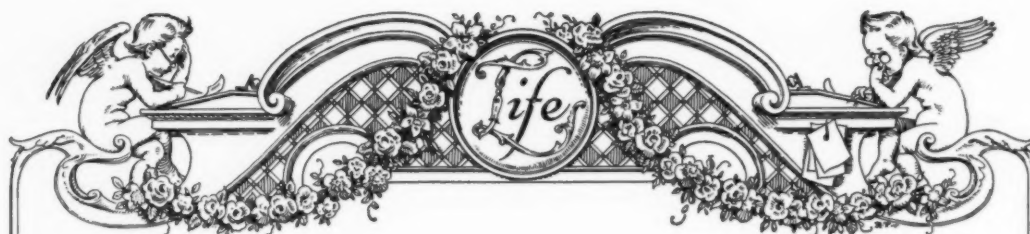
MARCH 2, 1922

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HERBERT PAUS

*The Fickle Girl*



## Wisdom and Wit Weekly

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## The Game of Spades

CALLING a spade a spade is getting to be such a patently overdone amusement, that one wonders whether the players themselves are not already tired of it, and for sheer weariness willing to call a halt. Naturally, however, one must hesitate to call a halt until the last ducat is drained from a public that still remains lamblake, in spite of the game of spades itself. In many respects, indeed, the public is like a child who has been taught a lot of naughty names, and repeats them with a heart of innocence, untouched either by nastiness or drivel.

A great advance was made by one woman writer who made the discovery that, instead of writing of the sex emotions of imaginary characters, it was just as easy, and (for one's immediate purpose) much more effective, to write about herself. The fact that her own sex emotions were no different from those of any other woman since the year one, made of course no difference. The public, ever seeking novelty, thought it was getting something new. How it feels to have a baby is known to everybody who has had one, and is unknown to those who haven't, and no amount of intimate description makes them any wiser. The machinery of matrimony, starting from the first sigh, up to the business of infant baptism, is by this time fairly well known. There is no objection, of course, to having it rewritten by experienced artists. But when it is removed from the drawing room to the barn yard, the process is not edifying; especially when the back-to-the-farm movement, which really ought to be encouraged, falls on such dull ears.

### Brotherhood of Man

"Remarkably fine butler you have, old man."

"Isn't he! Treats us just as if we were members of his family."

SHE: What are the colors of the flag of the Irish Free State?

HE: Black and blue, I suppose.

## Anything to Oblige

"Saw man on street today who had a scar on his face resembling a question mark. (What an idea for a story!)"—*Writer's Monthly*.

WHAT an idea indeed! When first we read the above, it turned over and over in our mind. Finally, it fell right off on a subway platform.

"Saw a man with a scar on his face like a question mark," we informed a liveried attendant of the Interborough. "Yeah," replied the guard, much to our delicate surprise. "I must a did it."

"You!" we exclaimed. "How?"

"Well," he said, "it was rush hour—see? This guy comes along with one of them di'mond tie pins shaped like a

question mark—see? Great big thing—looked like the front of a Broadway local. 'Gee,' sez I to meself, 'that looks dangerous, a big hunka glass like that runnin' around loose.' So kinda to prove it to meself, when they was all millin' to get into a express, I shoved another guy's face into it. I guess I was right. They oughtn't to wear them things."

\* \* \*

And there's your story.

H. W. H.

# Articular Rheumatism

The following intensely interesting case was described in a recent issue of a well-known medical journal, the name of which will be sent to anyone on request.

"A patient came to me some time ago, who had long suffered from an *arthritis deformans* (a type of articular rheumatism,) which especially involved the right hand.

"The joints had enlarged and the fingers contracted until the hand was practically useless. The patient had been to numerous Baths and Spas without benefit, and had also taken many kinds of internal and external treatment with equally unsatisfactory results.

"I prescribed the copious daily drinking of Paradise Water, from Paradise Spring, Maine. This water is remarkable in that it is practically *mineral free*. Thus its constant use tends to gradually decrease the calcareous (lime) deposits in the joints.

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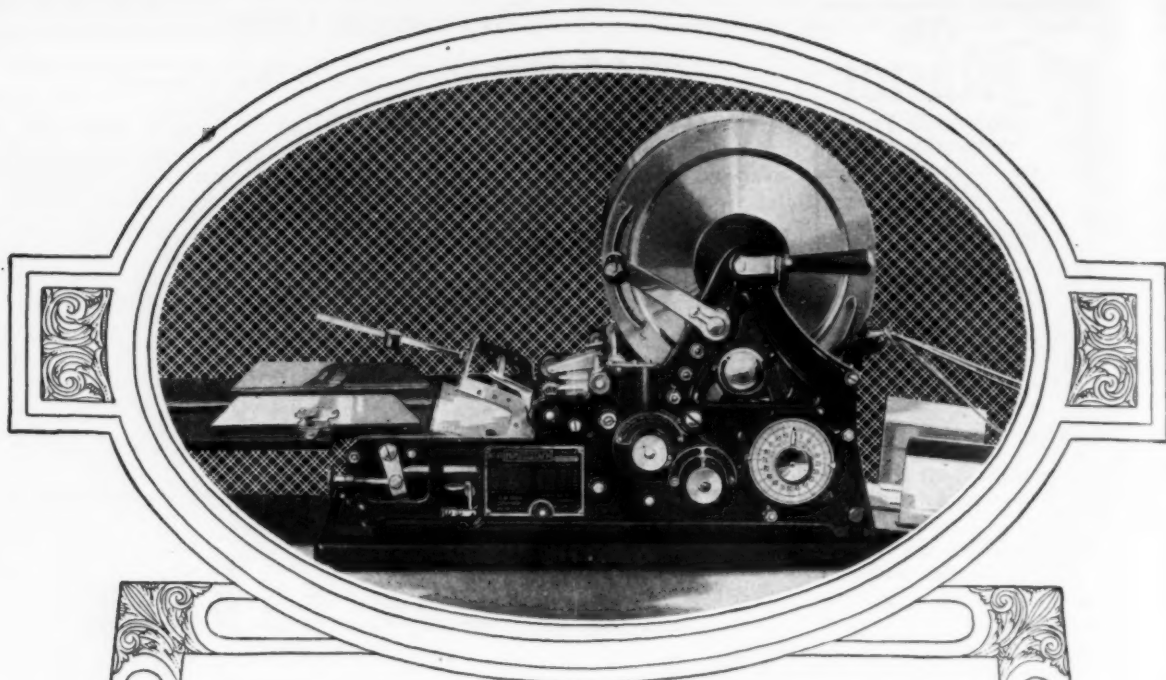
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# Life



## HAY, THERE!

Berton Braley

THE vigorous activities and business-like proclivities  
With which his every fibre is athrob,  
His infinite capacity for vim and for vivacity,  
Have landed him this super-movie job;  
For movie magnates various whose woes grew multifarious,  
Who stood amid their troubles in a daze,  
Bewailed their lot exceedingly and bellowed very pleadingly,  
"For Gawd's sake come and save us, Mr. Hays!"

Thus starts a movie serial with Hays for its material,  
A gripping tale in many rapid reels,  
In which our hero airily goes forth to battle merrily,  
"Fearless of Aught that Destiny Reveals!"  
Directors stern will bow to him and all the stars kowtow to him,  
(Assuming he can make them change their ways),  
While we who form his gallery will watch him earn his salary  
And sing out "Attaboy!" to Mr. Hays!

It's only fair to shout to him for there's a job cut out for him  
Which is a very thorny task indeed;  
He'll wrestle with stupidity and cerebral solidity  
And battle with vulgarity and greed,  
With wastefulness and vanity and dullness and inanity;  
For here's the movie problem in a phrase,  
Our interest now wanes in them because of lack of brains in them—  
How is your cerebellum, Mr. Hays?



"What's the matter with formin' a syndicate an' gettin' one?"

## Abstinence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder

**T**HE Anti-Saloon League, the Lord's Day Alliance, the Anti-Nicotine League and other heavenly bodies of reformers are rapidly putting Lent out of business; at least they are robbing it of any distinction that it may have possessed as a season of the year.

People used to have a sentimental affection for Lent. They looked upon the forty-day stretch between Ash Wednesday and Easter Sunday as a sort of annual Saturday night, and they made it the occasion for a spiritual bath. They cleansed themselves of their manifold sins and wickednesses, using the waters of abstinence and the soap of self-denial for the purpose. They gave up one or all of their bad habits, and found a vast amount of sanctimonious satisfaction in so doing.

Now, however, the stock of bad habits is being reduced with such startling rapidity that one finds it difficult to know just what to do about Lent. Lent without self-denial is just about as foolish as Thanksgiving without turkey, or St. Swithin's Day without rain; and self-denial nowadays is next to impossible. All the denying is done by outside forces, and it is effective throughout a period of three hundred and sixty-five days a year, instead of forty.

And so, as Mardi Gras rolls around, the average self-respecting citizen is constrained to murmur, "What am I going to do about it? I cannot give up anything unless I have something worth giving up."

I, for one, have decided to face the issue squarely. I do not depart from old traditions easily (I still go out to look for my shadow on Ground Hog Day); and I cannot bring myself to let Lent slip by unobserved.

So this year I am going to give up abstinence! Although, normally, I have no use for tobacco "in any form" (as the song goes), I intend to consume as many perfectos, pãnetelas, exceptionales and stogies as my lungs will permit. I also intend to break the XVIII Amendment in so many pieces that it will resemble a picture puzzle.

I have a number of other ideas in mind for observance of the Lenten season, and I intend to carry them all out to the letter.

No one can deprive *me* of the chance to be a Spartan.  
*Robert E. Sherwood.*

### Nocturne

**A**LWAYS I knew that it could not last  
(Gathering clouds, and the snowflakes flying),  
Now it is part of the golden past;  
(Darkening skies, and the night-wind sighing)  
It is but cowardice to pretend.  
Cover with ashes our love's cold crater,—  
Always I've known that it had to end  
Sooner or later.

Always I knew it would come like this  
(Pattering rain, and the grasses springing),  
Sweeter to you is a new love's kiss  
(Flickering sunshine, and young birds singing).  
Gone are the raptures that once we knew,  
Now you are finding a new joy greater,—  
Well, I'll be doing the same thing, too,  
Sooner or later.

*Dorothy Parker.*



### Circumlocution

"Jim, what do you think of my game?"  
"Well, boss, I'se been caddying on dis co'se fo' ten years, an' you'se done hab me in places  
I'se never been befo'."



*Pauline Lord*

Pauline Lord  
In "Anna Christie"

ANNA, in the story tragic  
Of the horrid life you led,  
There is always something magic  
Shining through the clouds of dread.  
In the lies you told old "Square-head,"  
In the truth, more shocking still,  
Something hovers round your fair head,  
Charming me against my will.

Can it be the note appealing  
Of your brave and broken voice?  
Or a philosophic feeling  
That you really had no choice?  
Is it that your lot so lonely  
Almost broke my tender heart?  
No, my dear; it's really only  
Just the way you play the part.  
George S. Chappell



## Real Happiness

### An Almost Russian Drama by Vodka Itchanitch

*Literal Translation by Marie Bakshirtsoff*

*The Lights in the auditorium slowly go out until the theatre is swathed in impenetrable gloom in order that the audience may have no chance to escape. The Asbestos Fire Curtain rises, but as the velvet drop curtain is still lowered, nothing can be seen or heard on the stage. A Girl with Bobbed Hair in the rear of the Balcony is overcome by what she conceives is the wonderful artistry in the beginning of the play.*

**G**IRL WITH BOBBED HAIR: What marvelous art.  
(*The Velvet curtain now cautiously rises—in order not to alarm the audience, which as yet does not realize the worst—and the play is on.*)

(*Out of the Stygian darkness on the stage, comes a long-drawn sigh. After a pause of half an hour there is a groan.*)

A SEPULCHRAL VOICE: So this is Russia.

GIRL WITH BOBBED HAIR: If our playwrights could only write like that.

(*The drama now develops rapidly. Sergius Kantukoff strikes a match and lights a candle. He then lights a cigarette from the candle flame. Of course, he could have lighted the cigarette from the match, but the author had to get the candle lighted some way, as a little of the most highbrow play must be seen.*)



(*The Outcasts shrink from the light and sigh dismally.*)

KANTUKOFF: The light is good—it allows us to see how miserable we are.

(*Ivan Vlaszkowski regards Kantukoff malevolently.*)

IVAN: How dare you enjoy yourself with that cigarette?

KANTUKOFF (indignantly): Cigarettes always make me sick. (*Ecstatically.*) Soon I shall be delightfully miserable.

MAN FROM KOKOMO IN BOX C: Three dollars and war tax for this?

(*More drama—a scream from the adjoining cellar.*)

KANTUKOFF (hopefully): I think someone is killing mother.

IVAN (eagerly): How happy she will be.

KANTUKOFF (moodily swallowing his cigarette): True happiness does not last. I hope he does not kill her too quickly. (*He listens.*) No, he is very patient with her—she can enjoy every moment—ah, is it not beautiful?

IVAN (casually nibbling an ikon): It is disappointing to die at this time of the year. Ah, the lovely winter, when your fingers are frozen, and the wolves gnaw at your vitals—that is a joyous death.

CHORUS OF OUTCASTS: Death—eh!!!



GIRL WITH BOBBED HAIR: How human—how real.

(*The Man from Kokomo falls down the balcony stairs.*)

(*Vasilini Slopotsky drags Olga Korzetsoff into the cellar and dashes her on the floor.*)

VASILINI: Traitor.

(*The Outcasts threaten to stab Olga with their samovars.*)

VASILINI: Look at her . . . traitress . . . you will not believe it, but I actually heard this woman laugh. (*The Outcasts shrink away in horror.*)

KANTUKOFF: Woman, have you no shame? Don't you realize this is a Russian Drama? Say it is not true. Say you did not laugh.

OLGA: It is true. I laughed.

VASILINI: Look, she is smiling now. (*Several of the Outcasts expire.*)

KANTUKOFF: How did this horrible thing happen? Tell me all.

OUTCASTS: All!! All!!

THE MAN FROM KOKOMO: At least give me back the war tax.

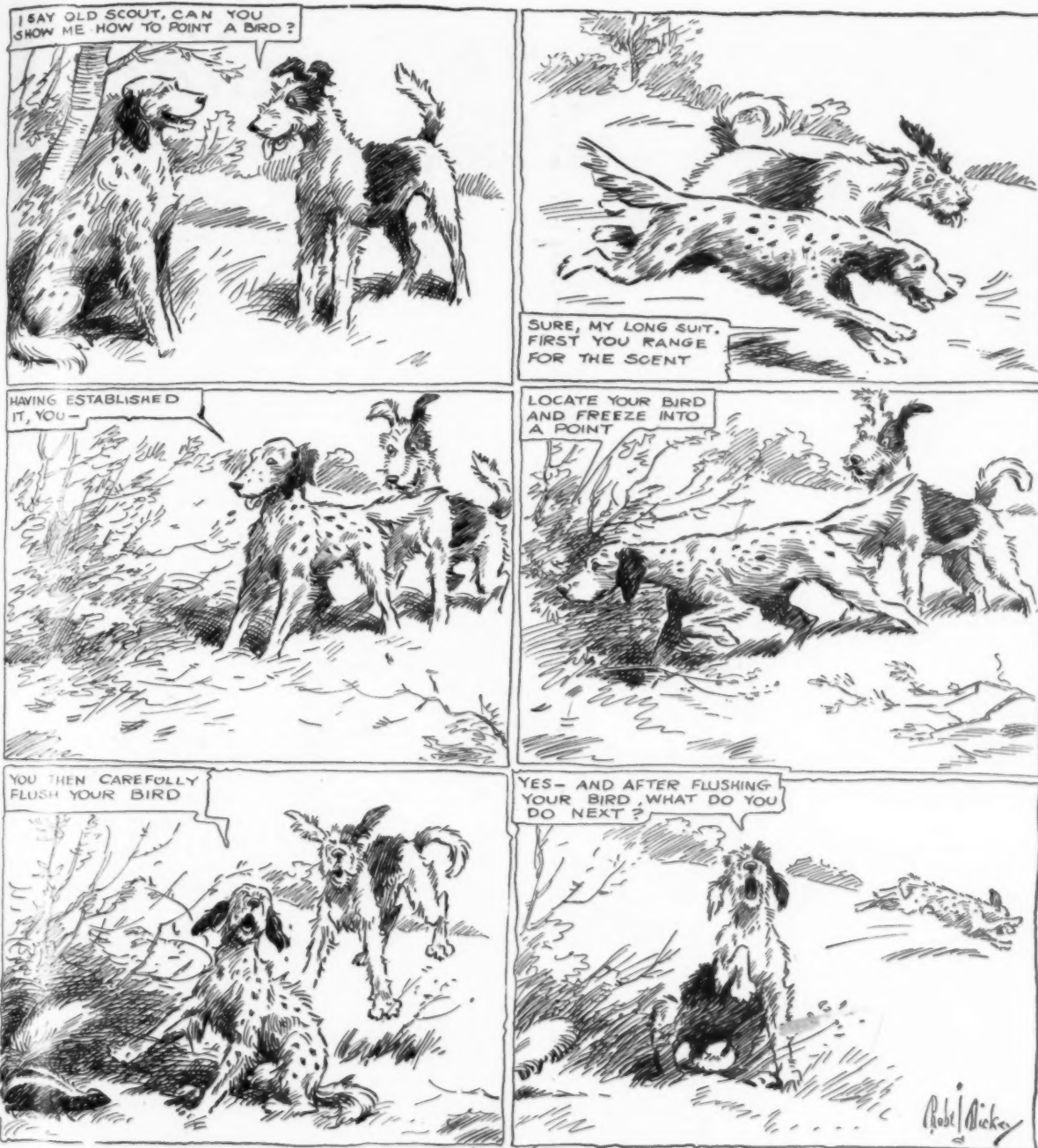
(*For a moment nothing is heard but the sobs of Olga and the heavy breathing of the Ushers as they throw the Man from Kokomo into the street. After a time Olga speaks brokenly.*)

OLGA: How can I tell you? . . . You will never forgive me. . . . It began long ago . . . one night I had been slinking through the gloom, as every character must in a Russian drama, and when dawn came I was far from home. I had often been warned against the daybreak—but some perverse devil swayed me—and I challenged fate—I waited for sunrise. When it came—it intrigued me—I found I liked it—loved it—and I was lost.

KANTUKOFF: How could you prefer the horrible sunlight to this beautiful cellar?

OLGA: Reproach me—hate me—kill me if you will—





nothing matters now. My passion for sunlight became a horrible craving which I could not resist. I sank lower and lower. I learned to laugh. I learned to work. I even took a bath. (The remainder of the Outcasts expire and the Girl with Bobbed Hair faints with sheer surfeit of artistic joy.)

OLGA: And now it is too late. All

is lost. The hideous habit has me in its grip and I cannot shake it off. I am false to myself—false to you—(in great agony) false to every Russian Dramatic Tradition.

KANTUKOFF: Go before your frightful example taints all of us. (Olga staggers out moaning.)

VASILINI: Jumping Jupiterviski—

what shall we do now?

KANTUKOFF: We can do nothing. Don't you know that laughter destroys Russian Drama? (He despairingly swallows the package of cigarettes and blows out the candle so the audience—not seeing the curtain fall—won't know it is over.)

Mark Swan.

## Life



## Lines

**M**OTTO of the New York landlords: To the evicters belong the spoils.

In these depressing times even a man's private stock is usually watered.

Multitudes, it is said, favor the soldiers' bonus. In fact, their name is Legion.

There is a new plan afoot to limit the speed of taxicabs to fifteen miles an hour. Except, of course, when turning corners.

Good-by kisses are taboo in Chicago railway stations because they delay trains. They figure a kiss is as good as a mile.

"The Genoa Conference is looked forward to with great optimism," says a press dispatch. By everyone, presumably, except the interpreters.

The young man who suddenly comes into possession of a few thousand dollars may soon find that there are brokers ahead.

The Flapper's Anthem: Homme, Sweet Homme.

Hoover favors blanket insurance, says a dispatch from Washington. A policy to protect you in case the sheets come loose would also have its good points.

The cruelest sign in the world, it is said, is posted back-stage in a vaudeville theatre in Texas. "Artists will please not send out their laundry," it reads, "until the management has seen their act."

"Quebec will pay its public debt in twenty years," says an Associated Press dispatch. How long will it take to pay off its debt to Volstead?

The Russian Soviet Government is organizing a sugar trust, the idea being, presumably, to keep it sweet and low.

You can drive a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. And you can drive the United States to water, but you can't make it stop drinking.

At the rate things are going, it is figured, in another ten years they'll be erecting statues to the more prominent bootleggers.

Slogan for bootleggers—"Lashed but Not Leashed"

Banks to Build Tunnels for Use of Messengers.—*Headline.* No use trying to do business on the level.

The moving picture colony in California seems determined to turn itself inside out.

Scenario writers always make a short story long.

An article in the New York Times states that "the West flatly denies that it is trying to boss the East." Obviously because it doesn't have to try.

Present-day politics consists of our side, the wrong side, and a fence

First Washington, then Genoa. "Half a league, half a league, half a league onward."

A history of Civilization in America: Windsor Chair—Rocking Chair—Morris Chair—Chaise Longue.

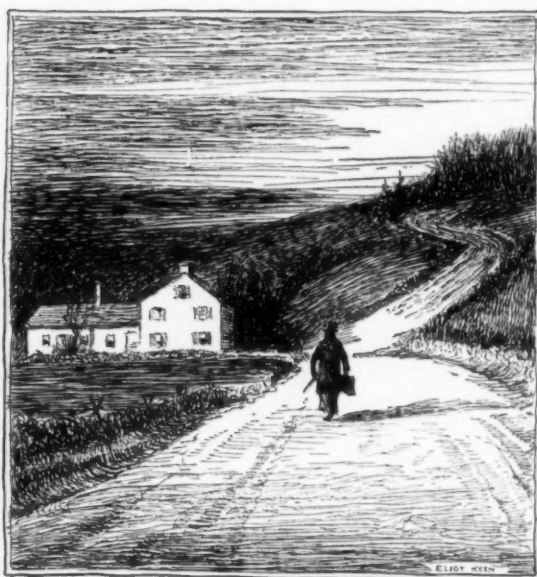
No stage director is a hero to his ballet.

"At the cinema one is often struck by the superiority of the acting of children and animals over that of adults." —*Movie Critic.*

Evidently they cannot understand the director.

You certainly have your nerve right with you when you go to a dentist.

The one-way traffic cop of the universe—Charon.



## Local Gossip

**S**ARA TIBBY went to Hartford to visit Nellie Anna for a spell. She didn't much want to go, leavin' Cal to shift fer himself; Cal being so lazy, she was worried he wouldn't hev gumption enough to git enough to eat.

Wall, the fust day she gut there, Nellie Anna took her to a movie show and they wuz showin' some of those new-fangled pictures where every move is as slow as cold molasses. Sara looked at 'em fer a spell kinder chokin' up, an' finally she bust right out cryin'. She said they reminded her of Cal, an' they made her so hum-sick she couldn't stand it.

She gut hum in time to git Cal's supper fer him.

The Darwinian theory is on trial again. A bill has been introduced in the Kentucky legislature to bar it from the schools, and Dr. John Roach Straton has hurled his Olympian wrath against the repulsive notion that men are descended from monkeys.

If we could only get an opinion on the subject from the monkeys!

## The Author Is Interviewed

YOU'D like to know just how I write  
My novels and my dramas,  
And if I do my work at night?  
And do I wear pajamas?  
And do I eat like other men,  
Or stick to vegetation?  
You'd like to have my cast-off pen?  
You want—oh, botheration!  
But interviewers have to live;  
It isn't much for me to give.

Do I compose on drink and dope,  
Or new-laid milk and crackers?  
And will I advertise your soap,  
And warrant your tobaccos?  
And will I let myself be met  
By forty thousand ladies?  
And will I lift a church's debt?  
And will I give—oh, hades!  
But then, the public wants to know;  
I'll dictate just a line or so.

Do I believe in love at sight?  
And would I fear a ghostess?  
And must a genius be polite,  
Or may he snub his hostess?  
And do I lead a proper life,  
Or do I sport and revel?  
And have I ever had a wife,  
Or would I—oh, the devil!

Ah, well, we have to stand the gaff.  
Of course, you want a photograph?

*Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.*

## A Test

"Is he generous?"

"Generous? I should say he is!  
Why, that fellow would share his last  
half-pint with anybody."



"I wonder who that old pill is who's talking to my husband?"

"That's a very distinguished gentleman from Boston. He has just bought  
another Whistler."

"Well, if Fred finds it's a good car I'll make him get me one, too."



"—An' make Jimmy Brown stop tellin' lies about me or you're goin' to see th'  
terriblest blood-curdlin' fight ye ever saw! Amen."

## The Also Rums

PROHIBITION has reduced the  
consumers of liquor from 20,000,  
000 to 2,500,000, according to Roy A.  
Haynes. A further examination ac-  
counts for the 17,500,000 missing  
brethren as follows:

6,361,427—Bootleggers. Don't dare  
touch it.

3,256,133—Make their own. Not bad,  
either.

1,154,298—Use it only when invited out  
to dinner.

532,541—Drink their wives' *Quelque  
Fleurs*.

1,398,762—Dead. Wood alcohol.

1,273,329—Know how to get it if you  
want it. Good stuff, too.

2,424,294—Revenue officers. Part-time  
profession: Bootlegging.

1,099,216—Spend vacations in Ber-  
muda, Cuba, Canada, Eng-  
land and on the Continent.



## Senator Sounder on the Bonus

### We Politicians and Great Orators Must Stand Together



WASHINGTON, Feb. 28: Politically speaking, the Adjusted Compensation Measure, vulgarly known as the Bonus bill, is the most important matter before Congress. Anyone who remembers my stirring war speeches, or who realizes that I shall be seeking reelection in November, knows how I stand on this bill. I am for the soldiers

—to their last vote.

In fact, I have quite taken over the leadership in the fight, substituting a bonus bill of my own which I consider somewhat better than the administration measure. It will take a leader of my talents, for considerable opposition is showing itself.

In the first place, Mr. Mellon. Personally I think I made a mistake in getting him into the discussion at all; I should have known that he would drag figures into it and pull the whole thing down to a sordid debate on how to raise the necessary \$1,600,000,000 or so, without leaving the country and the taxpayer flat on their respective backs. I can't help feeling that this is a little indelicate of him. My own thought was to register my attitude toward the soldier by merely passing the bill, leaving the details of raising the money to some future time—say, until after my election. However, my bill, which I shall describe below, accomplishes virtually the same results.

\* \* \*

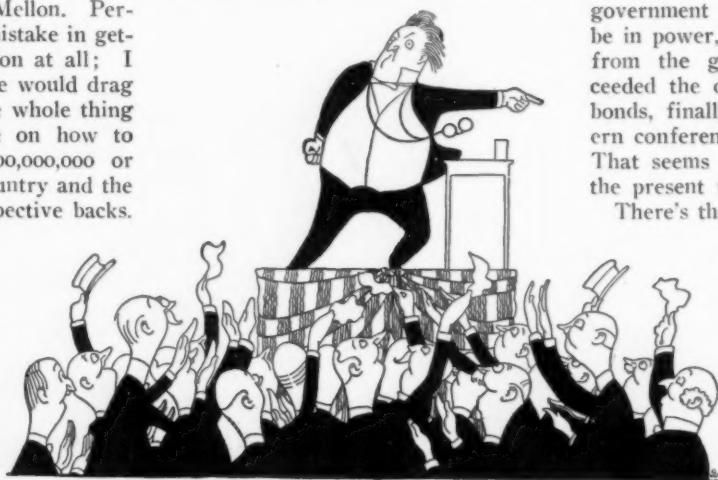
THE opposition of soldiers themselves is too absurd to bear any weight in the discussion at all. Imagine, for instance, saying that you'd be better off if the country got back to sound business conditions than if you had a bonus of two or three hundred dollars in your pocket. Or that you'd have to pay most of it in higher taxes and in higher cost of living. Or that it would be better to devote a smaller amount to relieving the comparatively small number of veterans who are actually

in need. Or that, after all, offering your life for your country puts the nation in your debt to a measure that dollars and cents will never repay.

Silly notions, I call them. Not only silly but narrow. These men think only of what the bonus will do for the soldiers, and entirely ignore what it will do for the politicians. After all we have done for the soldiers, they ought to consider us a little.

\* \* \*

TAKE my record alone. The *Congressional Record* will show that during the eighteen months that we were in the war I made no less than 1562 speeches about the American soldier. Whether the subject was the Federal Reserve system or the Maternity bill or my own ability, I never failed to include a stirring eulogy of our gallant doughboys. It is surprising how invariably this method puts your opponent in debate on the defensive. I have



"This always got a big hand."

always felt that my glowing tribute to the heroes of Château Thierry was the thing that passed my bill for erecting a new post-office at Broomsborg, Ohio.

\* \* \*

MOREOVER, I have prepared a statistical chart showing that in the use of phrases like "our gallant boys in khaki," "the defenders of our hearths," and so on, I outstripped my nearest competitor by 6411. My total score, I may add, runs well into nine figures.

Still further, I never made a public speech without stating that instead of

being on the platform, I'd rather be with the boys in the trenches. This always got a big hand—I don't know why.

In the light of this record—and my fellow-senators did nearly as well—I am confident that those soldiers who are against the measure will withdraw their opposition; they must concede our right to share in the bill. In fact, on account of its co-operative nature, I have decided to call the measure the Soldiers' and Politicians' Readjusted and Deferred Bonus bill.

The problem, as I have said, is to raise \$1,600,000,000 without burdening the taxpayers (who, of course, have votes just like the soldiers—in fact, it's all some of them have got). I propose to do it in the following way: (1) We figure up the interest on the Allied debt, and (2) issue bonds against it, secured by the German indemnity still unpaid, which (3) we sell to the government in China that happens to be in power, and (4) demand payment from the government that has succeeded the one to which we sold the bonds, finally (5) calling a Far Eastern conference to discuss the situation. That seems far enough to carry it at the present time.

There's the thing in a nutshell. The soldier gets his bonus, the taxpayer gets off easy, and the politician gets—well, just remember at the election in November where Sounder stood on the bonus question.

Senator Sounder.

P. S. After reading over the terms of my bill, I think it would be simpler just to call it the

Politicians' Bonus bill.

And what fills me with honest pride about this whole matter is the way I know the country will feel about my attitude.

Every speech I make fills me with an added respect for our great people. The noble manner in which they are always willing to hand over their affairs to us politicians and go about their business, leaving it to us to settle these intricate matters of state—that's what gives me such faith in the future of our glorious land. And so I say Bonus, Bona, Bonissimus.





Frappéed Fun



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

### The Manager to the Playwright

"Me not know a 'satire'? Stuff!  
I know what he is well enough—  
He don't wear a coat,  
He's got legs like a goat  
An' he treats forest ladies real rough!"

### How I Told My First Lie

"IT was this way," said the Doctor. "My star patient was getting better. Rather than lose him I decided an operation was necessary. You may call that lying if you like, but the operation *was* necessary—for me."

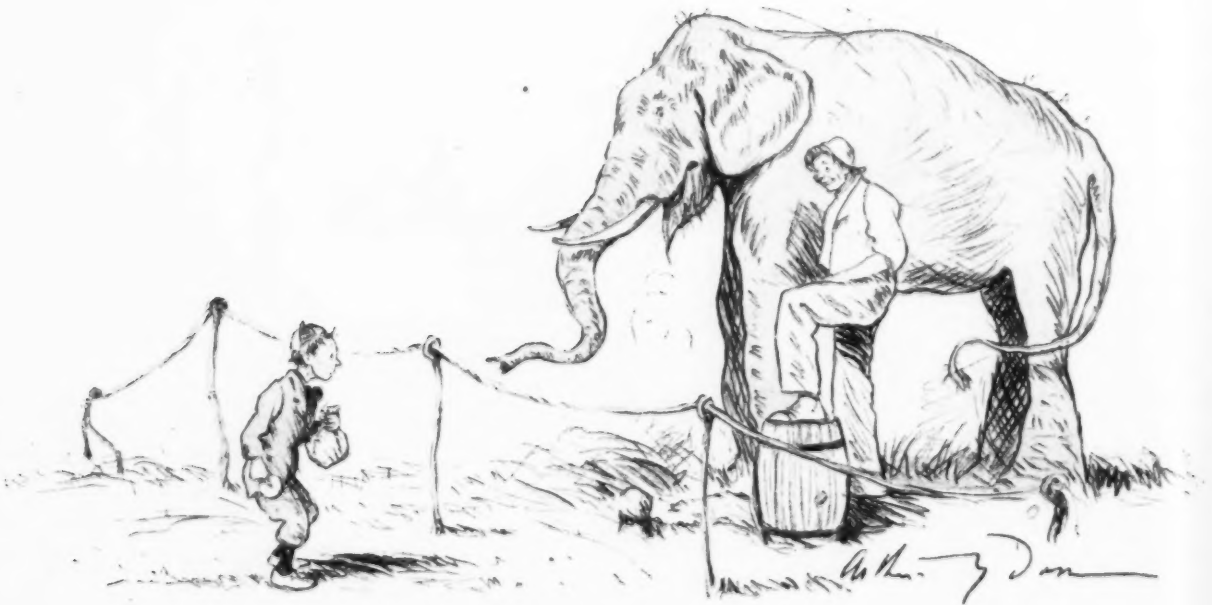
"My client confessed his guilt to me," said the Lawyer, "but for professional reasons it seemed unwise to let the case go by default. So I took it into court and won. For all we know, my client may have lied to me. At all events I needed the money."

"My first lie," said the Psychoanalyst, "came as the result of an accumulation of inhibitions and repressions dating back to infancy. Need I go farther? I love the truth, but, oh, you libido!"

"My first lie," said the Diplomat, "was merely preliminary to my second, which, as you may recall, enabled me to pull a nation out of a most embarrassing predicament. To do this it was first necessary to create the predicament. Was I justified? History shall be my judge."

"I never tell a lie," said the Chronic Liar, "unless it is absolutely necessary. And," he added thoughtfully, "it almost always is."

"My first lie?" said the Honest Man. "You may quote me as saying that I have yet to tell it—and when I do, it won't be for publication."



### His Domestic Instincts

Small Boy (to elephant keeper): Can't I give him just one cookie? They're home-made.

## Clarissa and I

(We Dine at Sherry's)

"HERE I've been trying my best to sing for this expensive supper," scolded Clarissa, "and you haven't heard a word I've said since we sat down. I don't see why I let that head-waiter give me this chair!"

"My dear girl," I protested mildly, "aren't you facing the entire room? What more do you want?"

"But I can't watch the people as they come down those little steps—and it's too maddening to be talking to you and suddenly see you stiffen and gaze glassily over my head—"

"I sound like a pointer."

"And you've bowed three times without telling me to who—to whom—to who—"

"I'm sorry," I apologized. "I really was listening to every word. But if you do want to bother to turn round, here's something worth while!"

"Oh!" breathed Clarissa softly as she turned with a radiant smile and a bow in the direction I had indicated. "Cedric Hamilton! Isn't he too divine!"

"He!" I repeated. "I didn't mean he—him! I meant her—Mrs. Stribleigh!"

"Mrs. Stribleigh!" murmured Clarissa vaguely. "Oh, was she with him? I really didn't notice her."

"Surely," I remarked in a tone that was, I hope, sufficiently caustic, "you couldn't have imagined I meant you to look around at that conceited puppy! I was referring, of course, to Mrs. Stribleigh."

"Why is it, Peter," asked Clarissa, with a sweetness which should have warned me, "when you tell me to look round at anyone it's never a man?"

"And when you tell me to look it always is!" I retorted bitterly, and, as bitterly, regretted it, for I caught in Clarissa's eyes that faint flickering which is the certain reflection of what she conceives to be a jealous flame in my own. Confident that in my whole nature there is contained no single spark of this ignoble passion, I hastened to correct her impression.

"A man of distinction, of achievement, I should call to your attention with pleasure," I said with dignity. "But it never occurred to me that a young waster like Hamilton, whose sole occupation is turning Domestic Circles into Eternal Triangles, could interest you. I hate to see a beautiful woman like Mrs. Stribleigh—"

"I shouldn't worry about Estelle turning into a triangle," interrupted



The Path from the House to the Barn

Clarissa, the flicker disappearing behind her lashes. "It'll be more like a what-d'ye-call-'em — rectangle. Is it three husbands she's had, or only two?"

"She's a remarkably stunning woman," I persisted, "with those wonderful eyes, and that gorgeously colored hair. Chalmers, the painter, says he's never seen such hair."

Just here the waiter brought our coffee. Not until he had finished pouring it did Clarissa raise her eyes to mine.

"Her hair," she conceded generously, "is gorgeous—this year. You know, during the war it was simply impossible to get those unusual shades, but now—thanks, no—I never take sugar."

Katharine Dayton.

## Monday

THE door that opens to my street  
Is passed all day by alien feet;  
The door that opens to my heart  
Is on a hidden path apart.  
Oh, many feet walk up my stair,  
Yet in my heart but one walks there.  
I greatly love my little street  
That homeward brings returning feet,  
But most of all the path apart  
Where love comes laughing to my heart.  
Gilbert Emery.

## Explained

POOR LITTLE BOY: No wonder God treats us so badly, muvver—He never had any parents.





MARCH 2, 1922

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Vol. 79. No. 2052

Published by  
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANYLondon Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.  
598 Madison Avenue, New York

**H**OW very gratifying it would be if the **Bonus** question

could be settled on its merits. At this writing it is being discussed. It has not been much discussed before. Public opinion has not taken shape about it, for, in truth, there has been very little appeal to public opinion. The job has been done, as far as it has gone, by political organization.

It occurred to some enterprising persons that the discharged soldiers ought to be organized, and they were organized. No doubt, that was inevitable. The organization at the start was declared to be non-political, but an organization does not last and keep its strength unless it has something definite to go after; unless, indeed, it promises to benefit in some way its members. The plan for the Bonus, euphemistically known as "adjusted compensation," was produced to strengthen the Legion and increase its membership. The word was passed around: "Join the Legion and there will be something coming to you." So took form the plan for the Bonus.

Now the enlisted men who went to the war were not the only Americans who helped to win it, but they were the visible fighting force through which and behind which every kind of power in this country—man power, woman power, machine power, noise power, money power—worked and pressed. In everyone who favored our getting into the war, the sense of obligation to the service men was and is extremely strong. To treat them generously is an all but universal desire. That is one reason why, though the movement for the Bonus has been organized and

pressed, sentiment against it has been vague and general.

Organization, like every other powerful thing, is dangerous. It is a means by which an active few can use the minds of the preoccupied many. It looks so bad in certain lights that one may say—Why the Ten Commandments and not one of them forbidding organization? The tendency of organization is to become self-seeking. Self-preservation becomes its first law, like that of any animal. Organize religion and religion tends to leak away, and the interest of the organization to supplant it. Organize politics, and principles tend to yield to party interests. Organize patriots and patriotism presently yields place to efforts after loaves and fishes. Nevertheless, there has to be organization, and without it our modern world apparently would get nowhere. One way to beat it is to organize against it. Another way is to bring its desires and purposes before the great court of public opinion to pass judgment on it.



**T**HIS last is now being done for the Bonus. The demand for it represents the organizers and chieftains of the American Legion. How much popular support it has in the rank and file of the Legion, nobody knows. Of course, human nature being what it is, and money so useful, a very large proportion of the service men will accept any money that is offered them, the more so because a good many of them need money; but still, to hundreds of thousands of them, the position they have been put into by the Bonus advocates must be very distasteful. In that

great group of men who went to the war, there should be, and doubtless is, the very best material in the country—the men on whom the country leans for leadership and security, and will so lean during the next thirty years. To have such men exhibited as part of a group which goes to Congress demanding an unreasonable money benefit with threats of political retribution if it is not granted them is very bad indeed.



**O**NE would rather shoulder a new burden of debt than have such men think that the country does not care for them, nor appreciate what they did. What they helped to accomplish in the winning of the war was of a value not to be measured in any material thing,—something not related to money and as impossible to pay for as salvation itself. There or thereabouts hides the real trouble about the Bonus bill. It is not right, and it begins to seem possible that it will be beaten. Its organized promoters are up against the taxpayers, and the taxpayers, though not exactly organized, are a definite and visible group of citizens who have votes and influence, and use them. The taxpayers are paying for the war, and it keeps them pretty busy. If they do not think the Bonus is justly due, and find their own burdens are to be seriously increased by it, they will furnish an opposition or a retribution worth reckoning with. Congress has been not so much a court in this matter as a kind of push ball. The organizers of the Legion have been pushing it one way for all they are worth, and for a good while there has been no one visible pushing against them, except Secretary Melloa. But with the tax-





Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard  
To get her poor dog a bonus.  
When . . . . .

payers really behind the Secretary, he becomes a fairly powerful force.

Moreover, when discussion, as now, really begins in Congress and the newspapers all over the country print what is said, it makes a difference, and the component particles of the push ball separate a little from the mass, and begin to consider what is right and what is wrong. So perhaps after all the Bonus struggle will come to a just conclusion. Discussion is a great factor when the newspapers back it up. It is what we begin to rely on to keep the peace of the world, and it may bring agreement between the taxpayers and the members of the Legion. If they can reach the conclusion that the Bonus bill is bad for all concerned, and that the proper place for it is the waste-paper basket, a great sigh of relief will rise from the White House and become audible all over the country, and business will turn with resurrected hope to the job of providing pay-rolls for the unemployed.



**O**PPPOSITION seems to be necessary to progress. That is why there has to be the Devil. Good, it seems, cannot accomplish its job without an Adversary. The stars keep their place in the sky by dint of competing attractions. If they were not pulled different ways, there would be disorder and some hard bumps.

All the same, it is hard for us to appreciate the value of opposition when it interferes, or seems to interfere, with the way we want things to go. These ructions in Ireland, for instance, they seem troublesome. We want the new political life in Ireland to run along like a mixture of butter and honey on a warm day. We want sweet reasonableness to prevail, and all the good people to agree, and the lion and lamb to eat grass together in Ulster, and

all that. Instead of which—ructions!

But it is probably all right. De Valera is raising all the hob he can, and that may be useful to develop in Collins and Griffith and their crowd the necessary capacity and the requisite popular support to handle trouble. Without the development of that capacity and support, self-government in Ireland will not get along. There must be authority, backed by the Irish people, if there is to be security of life and property. There must be such authority if there is to be liberty. If it must come by dint of preliminary hard knocks, that is natural, especially in Ireland.

Let us remember how inexperienced in governing Irish the Irish of Ireland are, and watch with composure as well as sympathy their efforts to learn their job.

De Valera's office is to weld together the new government. So long as they have him to fight, it will help them to agree with one another. *E. S. M.*



The Showdown

From LIFE of November 10, 1921

And They Came



They Came Across





### Chills and Fever

IT has been a long time since we have clutched in terror at the person beside us in the theatre. Certainly not since "The Bat." But at the conclusion of the performance of "The Cat and the Canary" the young lady on our right complained to her escort that her entire left arm was lacerated from repeated assaults by some man. She couldn't remember when these assaults had occurred, having been in such a state of nervous depletion herself, and if her young man had got at all fresh, we could have shown him the places on our right arm where she had been clutching at us.

Mr. Kilbourn Gordon has chosen for his second offering as a producer a certified Grade A thriller, in which maniacs and voodoo women and other things which are nameless glide in and out of the rooms of an old house, while long, bony hands reach out from the walls and clutch at people sleeping in bed or drag them noiselessly into the plastering. There is not quite such a variety of horror as there is in "The Bat," but what there is makes most of "The Bat" seem like a dramatization of "Little Women." And there is not the disturbing presence of May Vokes to turn the thing into a children's entertainment at regular intervals. (We warned the producers of "The Bat" against May Vokes' comic relief when the play opened, but they *would* have their own way and, as a result of their pig-headedness, their show has run only a year and a half so far.)



FURTHERMORE, "The Cat and the Canary" contains one or two characters for which John Willard, the author, is indebted to no one else, an item worthy of note in these days when a character which has been popular in one play is usually taken bodily by the author of the next play of a similar nature. Henry Hull, as the unheroic hero, does a bit of comedy work which should make it happily impossible for him ever to go back again to ranting through opium-dens or the aspirate defiance of crooked financiers.



IF, as is reported, Grace George made the translation of Paul Gerdal's "The Nest," which her husband, Mr. Brady, has produced at the Forty-eighth St. Theatre, then she is the translator that we have dreamed about but never dared hope to find. For in "The Nest" we discover French characters speaking and acting like human beings (i.e., Americans), with no subjunctive clauses sounding like exercises in sight-work, no wooden slang, no super-literary

attempt to preserve anything more of the French original than the spirit.

And the spirit of "The Nest" is more worthy of preservation than that of any French importation we have seen this season. It has so many touches of subtle delicacy, so many moments which could easily have been spoiled but which, instead, fairly stop your breath with the splendid repression of their handling, that you (if you are anything like us) are tempted to announce that it is the finest play you have seen this year. Sober second thought may relegate it to second place, but, just at the moment, we can't think of what to put in ahead of it.



PART of this effect is no doubt due to Mr. Brady's having gone mad and selected just about the best all-around cast in New York to act M. Gerdal's play. If ever lines called for intelligent reading, the lines in "The Nest" do, and you will go far before you find a more intelligent actress than Lucile Watson. (Intelligence is under discussion now, so we will say nothing about Miss Watson's pictorial value in her mourning costume in the last act.)

If we were to pick another actress to play opposite Miss Watson, we would pick Christine Norman, which is, by an odd coincidence, exactly what Mr. Brady did. He went even further and engaged Frank Burbeck, Kenneth MacKenna, Juliette Crosby and Ruth Gilmore, thereby rounding out a highly satisfying cast. Then, just for old times' sake, he brought out the old Brady family scenery for them to use.

In all the excitement, we have forgotten to say that "The Nest" deals with the old theme of the gradual detachment of children from the parental home. In the moving picture, "The Old Nest," the phenomenon is shown at its worst. M. Gerdal has given it something new.



A NICE, slow-moving play in which the characters talk each other on and off the stage is not distasteful to us as a general thing, but we did get a little fed up on conversation at "The Pigeon." The ideas sounded all right the first time they were said, but we kept waking up at intervals and hearing the same thing going on that was going on when we dozed off, and finally decided that the returns were all in and that the best thing to do was to leave the characters to talk it out by themselves. It is a charming, gentle little play of Galsworthy's, and Whitford Kane does some excellent acting, but you soon get the general idea, and from then on your time is your own.

Robert C. Benchley.



# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

Anna Christie. *Vanderbilt*.—Pauline Lord superb in Eugene O'Neill's drama of the sea.  
Back to Methuselah. *Garrick*.—To be reviewed later.

The Bat. *Morisco*.—Particularly excellent crime.

A Bill of Divorcement. *Times Square*.—A post-war problem forcefully handled, with Allan Pollock in the leading rôle.

Bulldog Drummond. *Knickerbocker*.—All your favorite melodramas rolled into one, giving opportunity for limitless hissing and cheering.

The Cat and the Canary. *National*.—Reviewed in this issue.

Danger. *Thirty-Ninth St.*.—Fun among the sexes.

The Deluge. *Plymouth*.—An exceedingly interesting satire on what someone has called "human nature."

Desert Sands. *Princess*.—Eight hundred camel-power passion running wild in the desert. Norman Trevor is mixed up in it somehow.

Drifting. *Playhouse*.—Through China with hum and camera.

He Who Gets Slapped. *Fulton*.—Andreyev's beautiful tragedy of a clown, enhanced by the Theatre Guild's production.

The Law Breaker. *Booth*.—William Courtenay in an important sociological problem, not so important as drama, however.

Lawful Larceny. *Republic*.—A good cast in what ought to be a very bad play but which somehow isn't.

The National Anthem. *Henry Miller*.—To be published later in pamphlet form by the American Tract Society for distribution among the drinkers and jazzers of our degenerate age. Unfortunately, Laurette Taylor's redeeming presence can not be transferred to a pamphlet.

The Nest. *Forty-Eighth St.*.—Reviewed in this issue.

The Pigeon. *Greenwich Village*.—Reviewed in this issue.

The Rubicon. *Hudson*.—To be reviewed next week.

The White Peacock. *Comedy*.—An intense offering by Madame Olga Petrova.

## Comedy and Things Like That

Captain Applejack. *Cort*.—Wallace Eddinger and Mary Nash in delightful burlesque.

The Czarina. *Empire*.—Historical comedy made extremely pleasant by Doris Keane.

The Demi-Virgin. *Eltinge*.—You usually outgrow this kind of thing in the fourth grade.

The Dover Road. *Bijou*.—Charles Cherry and his support making the most of a very amusing English comedy.

Dulcy. *Frasco*.—Last two weeks of Lynn Fontanne in this clever smack in the eye of several sacred American institutions.

The First Year. *Little*.—Frank Craven and his epoch-making comedy of family life.

Just Married. *Nora Bayes*.—Some very funny minutes in an ordinary bed-room farce.

Kiki. *Belasco*.—A Parisian *cocotte* brought to life with great success by Lenore Ulric.

Lilies of the Field. *Klaw*.—Kept-women who sometimes say amusing things.

Madame Pierre. *Ritz*.—To be reviewed next week.

The Mountain Man. *Marine Elliott's*.—A pleasantly tepid little play, with Sidney Blackmer to make it better.

Six-Cylinder Love. *Sam H. Harris*.—The suburban automobile problem hilariously set forth by Ernest Truex, June Walker and excellent support.

Thank You. *Longacre*.—Propaganda for underpaid parsons made interesting.

To the Ladies. *Liberty*.—To be reviewed next week.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

Blossom Time. *Ambassador*.—Franz Schubert's melodies arranged without offense.

The Blue Kitten. *Selwyn*.—Staple musical comedy, with Joseph Cawthorn and Lillian Lorraine.

The Blushing Bride. *Astor*.—Another.

Bombo. *Fifty-Ninth Street*.—A great deal of Al Jolson.

Chauve Souris. *Forty-Ninth St.*.—Russian singers and dancers in colorful vaudeville.

For Goodness' Sake. *Lyric*.—To be reviewed next week.

Frank Fay's Fables. *Park*.—Another "intimate" revue.

The French Doll. *Lyceum*.—To be reviewed next week.

Get Together. *Hippodrome*.—Firm as a rock in the midst of world upheavals.

Good Morning Dearie. *Globe*.—First-class musical comedy.

Marjolaine. *Broadhurst*.—Charming music inserted in the book of "Pomander Walk."

The Music Box Revue. *Music Box*.—It costs a lot of money, but is worth it (if any revue is worth a lot of money).

The Perfect Fool. *George M. Cohan's*.—Ed Wynn in his element.

Pins and Needles. *Shubert*.—English revue with occasional good features.

Sally. *New Amsterdam*.—The Paris branch opened recently.

Tangerine. *Casino*.—Richard Carle and Julia Sanderson and some nice music.

Up in the Clouds. *Forty-Fourth St.*.—Not bad.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY

No. 26. Mr. Heinz prepares a little salad for his guests.

## Everyjones

**I**F I were given to writing things about people I don't like (which, of course, I am), I should write about my friend Jones. (One's friend in these cases is so apt to be Jones.) Jones is a man of a single and fixed idea. His idea is his business. That, of course, is a good idea. It would be a good thing if more people were thus firmly concentrated on their own business. But Jones's business is everyone's business, or, at any rate, he makes it so. His business is insurance. Jones will insure you against burglary, alcoholism, marriage, divorce, or anything like that.

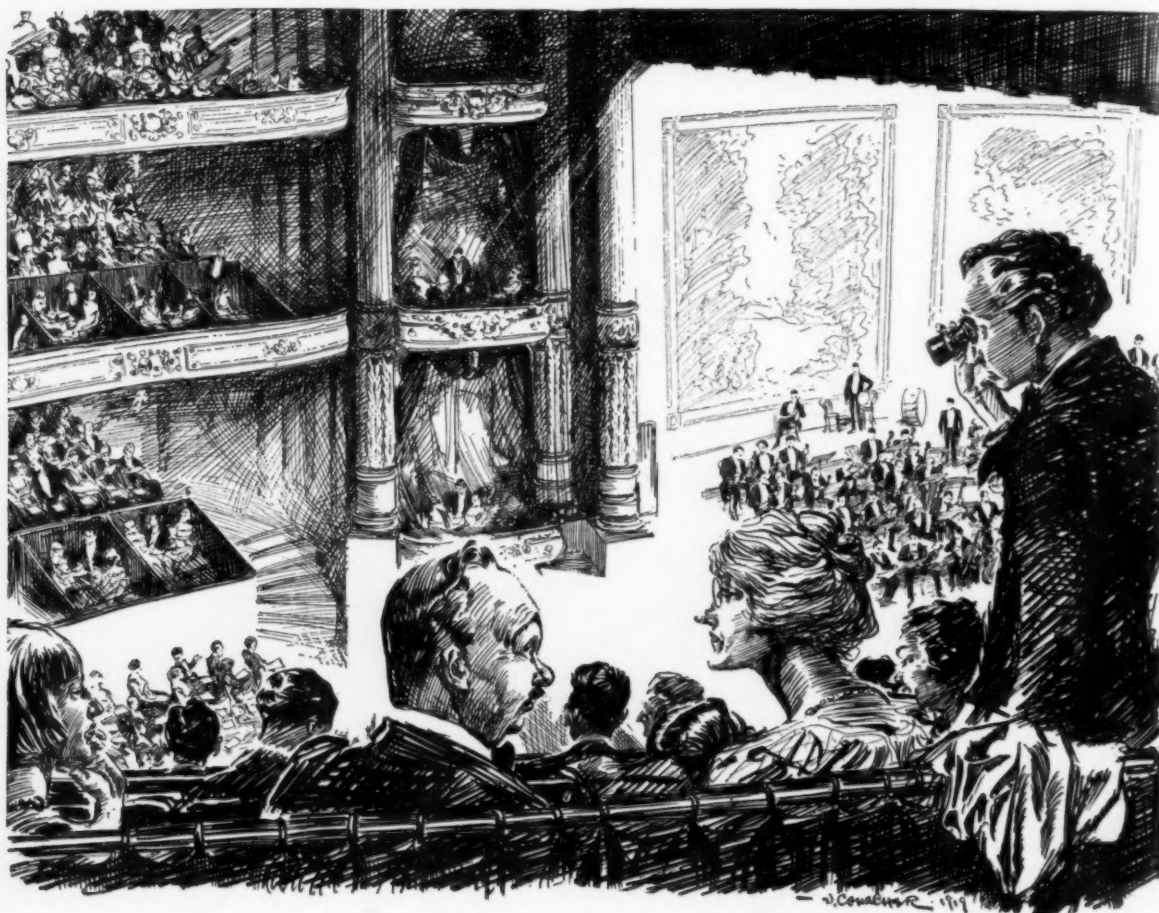
Whenever I meet Jones at the club (which is the place all this sort of thing always happens), he sits down next me, or opposite me if I chance to be at lunch, and begins to talk about his idea. The conversation never progresses very far before he whips out his pencil and exclaims, "Let's see; you're thirty-two." I make no denial, and he begins calculating. "H'mm," he mutters, "good thing we thought of this while you are still so young." We indeed! "Here's the whole thing: straight life, 155; partial payment life, 230; partial-accelerative-full-payment-endowment . . ." "Look here, Jones," I protest, "I'm not going to die." "Of course not," he replies, "at least, not immediately. But eventually, of course, all of us . . ."

If you know Jones, you know how ineffectual argument can be. It makes no difference what topic I introduce. I began hurriedly the other day, on the Fifth Avenue traffic system. I couldn't have chosen worse. "Yes, yes," said Jones. "A marvelous system. But it does not prevent accidents. Why, just the other day I saw a most ghastly thing. A man was knocked down and fatally injured by a mail truck. I couldn't help thinking, as I watched the tragedy from where I stood among the horrified by-standers, how much it would have meant to him if he had only taken out one of our First-payment-premium-beneficent—"

"Jones," I interrupted, a happy thought striking me, "I want to be insured." In a second the table was covered with probability curves, slide rules and dotted lines. "Anything," he exclaimed, extracting an octavo volume from his hip pocket. "Fire, damage to clothing, dishonest bootleggers . . ." "No," I went on, "it's far simpler than that. I am thirty-two years old. I want—" "Yes, yes," he said excitedly, turning over the leaves of his book. "I want to be insured for twenty years on any system you may name, against being insured."

Jones did not understand. One's friend Jones so seldom does.

*Roger Burlingame.*



### What Are Brahms?

*She:* Tell me, are you fond of Brahms?  
*He:* Oh, very! But I think I like shredded wheat biscuits even better.



"I don't want a piece of bread! I want one o' them pies an' I'm goin' to have it!!"



"Sho'ly you kin have one of dem pies; set right down an' make yo'self comf'table, sah!"



"Yo' eats dat pie quick, or I'se gwine to ram dis pokah clean froo you!"



"I hope you is enjoyin' dat pie, sah—you sutenly looks like you is!!"



"Take your pie!!"



"Yo' bettah run, yo' mis'able white trash! I wish I'da speared yo' when I had de chance!!"

**Mandy's Pies Are Hot Stuff**





## Manuscript Found in the Desk of a Writer Adjudged Insane

Rollin Kirby

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST'S arrival in England was one of those stupendous happenings out of which the world's history is made. It was some-

thing more than a personal triumph—something beyond our cousin's recognition of a liaison officer between the two countries.

It was a prodigious acclamation of one who, perhaps better than anyone else, had drawn together the bonds of friendship between England and America.

From the time his ship docked at Plymouth, where he was greeted by Mr. Horatio Bottomley, at that time editor of *John Bull*, until his exit from the Pilgrim's Society dinner on the eve of his sailing for home, the ovation was unparalleled.

Mr. Bottomley was the first up the gangplank. He wore a large cowboy hat, black frock coat and a fancy waistcoat, while from the corner of his mouth protruded a long, thin cigar.

"Well, by heck, Willum, I guess I'm mighty glad to see you in the old country. Put it thar!" he cried in his breezy, open English manner.

Mr. Hearst, never an easy person to approach, accepted the hand with every show of pleasure.

"Oh, I say, Bottomley, this is tremendously good of you, to take all this trouble. My people will be fearfully pleased when they hear of it."

"Why, you darned old coyote, don't you know there ain't a man, woman or child in this God's own island who isn't looking forward to shaking you by the hand?" responded the Englishman, clapping him heartily on the back.

And so, like happy schoolboys, the two went towards the special train that stood waiting the distinguished visitor.

His reception in London was a veritable triumph. The city blazed with American flags. At the station the royal family, together with the Earl of Lansdowne and other representatives of the older order, were waiting impatiently.

As the train stopped and the door of the compartment opened,

the crowd, which up to now had been held in check by the police, burst through into the inclosure.

The scene baffles description.

With tears streaming down their cheeks the staid Londoners fought to kiss his hand.

King George and Queen Mary were all but swept from their feet. His Majesty, who had just arrived from laying a cornerstone, luckily had come away carrying his trowel, which he proceeded to wield with such effect that both he and the Queen eventually fought their way to the side of the great Anglo-American.

The crush only permitted of a hearty handclasp and a smile, but just as they were being tossed aside once more, Her Majesty managed to gasp, "Do come to a little dinner in the Buckingham on Tuesday and take potluck with us. Nobody but George and myself. Come just as you are."

"Ra-ther!" responded Mr. Hearst.

Such was the beginning of a visit that ran from one triumph to another.

The only discordant note that occasionally manifested itself was when some disgruntled Sinn Feiner would shy

a dornick at the visitor as he drove through the lanes of cheering people. The culprit, however, was immediately lynched to a lamp-post—a little American touch, thought out for the occasion by the entertainment committee.

The little dinner, *en famille*, at Buckingham Palace was a happy one. Some of the neighbors came in afterwards. The Duke of Devonshire dropped around after a meeting of the Rotary Club, bringing with him Lord Leverhulme, a prominent Elk.

Mr. Hearst, urged by his charming hostess, sang "Rule Britannia," his voice charged with emotion.

The party broke up at a late hour, the King driving his guest to his diggings in Russell Square in his Ford sedan.

A day's trip to Oxford was a pleasant interlude in the whirl of metropolitan gaiety. Mr. Hearst was met at the Main Street Station by the Oxford Boosters' Club, 750 strong, who carried a huge banner on which was inscribed "A Bigger, Better Oxford—20,000 Students by December 20, 1924." Gathering in a group they chanted "Hearst in peace, Hearst in war, Hearst in the hearts of the Englishmen."

The *Saturday Review* gave further evidence of its love for the States by printing a special number, blazoned across the front page of which in block type ran the line—

### YANK PILGRIM WINS BRITISH HEARTS.

In a word, England became Yankeeified.

And all through the efforts of the tall, simple American whose gratitude to the mother country carried such complete conviction.

And through Kentish lanes and over the downs of Westmoreland breezes sang the mellifluous word "Hearst."



Mr. Hearst sings "Rule Britannia"



Mr. Hearst arrives in London



"Joe, don't this remind you o' the night when the outfit was movin' up to the front in the Argonne?"  
 "Yes. Only—you an' me had a job then, Jim."

## "Original Name" Week

THERE is something inspiring in the insistence of the Irish patriots on signing their names in the original Gaelic. In their loyalty to their native tongue, Arthur Griffith's name becomes, for correspondence purposes, "Art O'Griobhtha"; Michael Collins', "Michael O. O. Sileain"; Robert C. Barton's, "Riobard Bartun," while George Gavan Duffy signs himself to his friends just plain "Seorsa Ghabhain Ui Dhubhthaigh."

These men are making Irish history, and around them will inevitably be written commemorative songs for future generations to sing. May we not expect something like: "Seorsa Ghabhain Ui Dhubhthaigh's body lies a-mouldering in his grave,

*But his soul goes marching on!"*

or perhaps even:

*"Art O'Griobhtha, art thou languid?"*

*Art thou sore distressed?"*

This, of course, is carrying the thing to a silly extreme, but, seriously, there ought to be something for each and every one of us in this fierce adherence of these proud Irishmen to the names of their forefathers, unsullied by alien translation. Let those of us who boast names which have their roots in ancient soil, insist on signing them and

shaming the usurpers at Washington who would tar us all with one brush of Americanism.

When this happy day arrives, we may have the privilege of adding our own signature to a petition like the following:

"We, the undersigned, residents of the apartment house at 147 West 289th St., New York City, wish to protest against the use of the front hall by the elevator-boys as a gambling-hell.

(Signed)

WWELLYLLG NA LLOYDHUWWLL (Will H. Loyd)

ULRICH VON DER VOGELSCHUCH (H. L. Dummy)

MANAGANSETMEGUNTIC (Mrs. Edgar M. Thorpe)

PEPIN LE JOUJOU (P. L. Toy)

UG (Stephen M. Twombly)."

## Faith

FINDING her young daughter with a bowl filled with pussywillow buds and milk, the mother remarked to her, "Dear, whatever are you doing with such a mixture?" With an inspiring smile the child replied, "I am feeding the pussy buds to our Tommy cat to see if they will turn to real, live kittens."

# THE SILENT DRAMA



## Special Dispatch

Via Wireless

**S. S. RUTH ALEXANDER,**  
*S. S. Ruth Alexander, Capt.  
Cousins commanding, lying off  
Havana, Cuba. Light off-shore  
breeze carries weird, exotic odor  
to your correspondent's nostrils.  
Odor not identified yet, but think  
it is Bacardi. Next week: Panama.*

## "Moran of the Lady Letty"

**B**EING of a nautical turn of mind at the moment, I found a great deal that was interesting in "Moran of the Lady Letty." The story is frankly melodramatic in nature, with plenty of rousing brawls below decks and above—mutinies, knife play and other familiar features of ocean travel; but it is so well done that it is frequently credible, and always absorbing.

George Melford reproduced the Sahara Desert with great skill in "The Sheik," and he has done much the same service for the Pacific Ocean in "Moran of the Lady Letty." His sea-scapes are effective largely because they are real. Moreover, he has obtained the services of three excellent actors for the leading rôles: Walter Long, Dorothy Dalton and Rodolph Valentino. They bite each other, and hurl each other about the deck and have all sorts of fun—Rodolph Valentino, of course, being the ultimate winner of the tournament. Mr. Valentino, by the way, deports himself creditably in spite of the fact that he has barely had time to become accustomed to his new name.

## A Broadside for the Censors

**A** MEETING was held recently at the National Republican Club in New York to discuss the question of motion picture censorship. Many prominent figures in the film world were present, and the speakers, pro and con, included Commissioner Levenson, of the State censor board, Rufus Cole, the producer, Professor Heckman, of City College and the ubiquitous Rupert Hughes. Henry W. Taft presided.

During the course of the discussion, the chairman recognized Miss Dupont (prominent Universal star) in the audience, and called on her to give her views on censorship. According to the *New York World*, Miss Dupont arose and spoke as follows:

"I am very glad to be here. I have enjoyed myself very much. I thank you all."

Those words should go down in history along with Putnam's "Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes!" and Pershing's, "Lafayette, we are here!" Miss Dupont has crystallized the whole argument against censorship in deathless terms, and deserves the thanks of everyone who believes in the freedom of art. Would that others had the courage to speak out their minds in such forcible fashion!

## "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?"

**W**HEN a producer gives his picture a title like "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" he disarms criticism, for his selection of such a label constitutes a tacit admission that he knows the picture is trash. "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" is

certainly all that its name implies.

The theme, of course, is mother love, and I venture to say that it has never been dragged deeper into the mud. Exploiting motherhood, gray-wigged and dripping with glycerine, as box-office bait seems to me to be just as bad as cutting up the American flag to make panties for beefy burlesque beauties.

There is nothing to recommend in "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" It is lacking in dramatic interest, and its cast is absolutely undistinguished. It is just a cheap imitation of "The Old Nest" and "Over the Hill"—with none of the redeeming qualities which those pictures possessed.

**I**N the wake of such film features as "Why Girls Leave Home," "Ashamed of Parents" and "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" we may expect a whole flood with similar titles, such as "A Man's Toy" and "No Mother to Guide Her."

But if the producers intend to revive these obscene relics of the theatrical dark ages, the audience should do something to retaliate. The homely old custom of throwing things at offending players on the stage presents many difficulties now, for the movie actors happily do not appear in person except on rare occasions. However, there is nothing to prevent one from sending the tributes by mail; and I will be one of any six to get up an attractive hamper for the man who produced "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?"

Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 27)







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### Another Injustice

Discussion on Ireland in the club was becoming acrimonious, and an Englishman remarked lightly: "But you must really not forget that Irishmen are Irish." The only Irish member of the group rose with an offended air and exclaimed: "Surely you need not have said such a bitter thing as that."

—*London Morning Post.*

### Reproduction

Up at our boarding house there are two children, a boy and a girl.

The boy is the living photograph of his father, and the girl is the very photograph of her mother.—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

### Honesty the Best

"I'm afraid Dad will find out that we disobeyed him last night."

"The best way to keep him from finding out is to tell him. He never remembers anything."—*Nashville Tennessean.*

HUSBAND (at a dance): Jolly attractive little thing that—what?

WIFE: Ye-es. I'm very much afraid she's got a past in front of her.—*Punch.*



### OFF WITH THE DANCE

"May I have a dance, Miss?"

"Most assuredly; you may have number fourteen."

"Thanks, but I'll be gone by that time."

"So will I."

—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

### A Dear Friend

We were taking the fresh-air children back to the city. At the last minute we missed small Annie. We made a hurried search and found her at last on the floor beside her bed, with her face buried in the pillow.

"What's the matter, Annie?" we asked. "What are you crying for?"

"I ain't crying," was the indignant reply. "I was just kissing my bed good-by, cause I don't know when I'll ever see another."

—*Youth's Companion.*

### The Better Part

FATHER-IN-LAW: I've asked you here to dinner for the last time, my boy, for I'm sorry to tell you I've lost all my money.

SON-IN-LAW: Great Scot. Then I married for love, after all!

—*Windsor Magazine (London).*

### O Liberty!

"I wonder if it's true that good Americans, when they die, go to Paris?"

"One cannot tell; but I think it very probable that bad Parisians, when they die, go to America."—*London Mail.*

THE editor of a "women's page" was tempting Providence—or the printer—when she described a versatile lady as "a Jackess of all Trades."

—*Westminster Gazette.*

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## THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(Continued from page 24)

**One Glorious Day.** *Paramount.*—A fantastic and thoroughly pleasant comedy, with Will Rogers as a staid scientist whose body becomes inhabited by a wayward spirit.

**Star Dust.** *First National.*—Stupid trash.

**Orphans of the Storm.** *United Artists.* Described in the ads. as "Griffith's Empire of New Emotions." In spite of that, it's a remarkably fine picture.

**School Days.** *Warner.*—Wesley Barry as the movie idea of "a typical American boy." Some of it is funny.

**Turn to the Right.** *Metro.*—Rex Ingram, who directed "The Four Horsemen," has a lapse into the banal.

**Fool's Paradise.** *Paramount.*—A Leonard Merrick story converted into a weird hodge-podge by Cecil B. De Mille.

**Foolish Wives.** *Universal.*—A spectacular drama of high life in Monte Carlo. Erich von Stroheim, who wrote and directed it, impersonates the irresistible villain with considerable skill.

**The Last Payment.** *Paramount.*—A German picture of uncertain vintage, with Pola Negri contributing some of her well-known kick.

**Tolable David.** *First National.*—Richard Barthelmess in a superb story about a Virginia mountain boy who overcomes a whole family of desperadoes.

**Free and Easy.** *Mermaid.*—A riotous comedy about some huntsmen who do various crazy things.

**The Man From Lost River.** *Goldwyn.*—Fairly interesting drama of the big woods, with House Peters as the he-est of the he-men.

**Love's Redemption.** *First National.*—A feeble attempt by Norma Talmadge.

**Don't Tell Everything.** *Paramount.*—An unusually good cast in a picture that possesses some sparkling satire, and other elements that are not quite so sparkling.

**The Enchanted City.** *Newcombe.*—A gorgeously beautiful picture that brings a new quality—something higher than photography—to the screen.

**For Review Next Week.** "A Doll's House," "Back Pay," and "The Prodigal Judge."

### Four Reasons Why I Prefer America

A fat Chicago widow placidly munching a wiener sandwich over the grave of Keats.

A bespectacled Iowan, in a derby hat, reading aloud a copy of the President's message, in the shadow of the Sphinx.

A Pittsburgh photographer discussing time exposures, in the Louvre.

One encounters fewer Americans.  
R. Jere Black, Jr.

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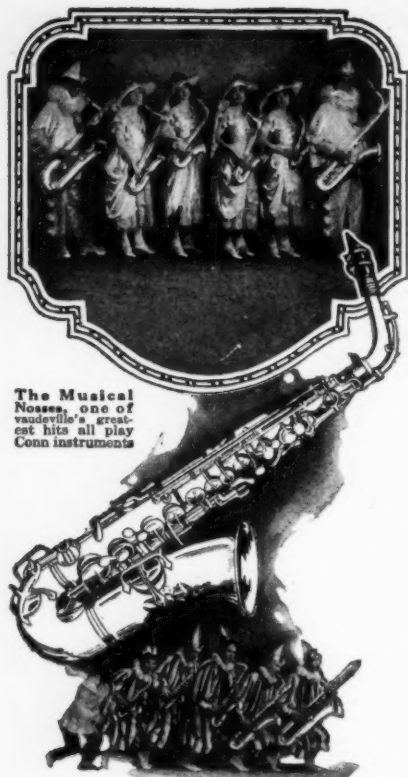
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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### "Nantucket's Sunk"

Many generations of New Englanders have laughed over the story of the Nantucket skipper who could tell where he was by tasting the sea bottom. Samuel E. Morison refers to the story in his "Maritime History of Massachusetts" (Houghton Mifflin Company). There are many versions, but this, says Mr. Morison, is the correct one:

Capt. Phiney of the stanch sloop Penelope boasted he could tell within half a mile of where he was anywhere from Peaker Hill Bar to the tip of Nantucket shoals by tasting the material brought up by the sounding lead. Obed Fisher, his mate, thought he would call the old man's bluff.

One night when the captain was sleeping below, he wet and greased the lead, then rolled it in the earth at the bottom of a box which contained Nantucket turnips. Rousing the skipper, he thrust the lead in his face saying, "For the Lord's sake, Cap'n, tell us where we be!" Hastily the skipper tasted, rolling the morsel on his tongue, then jumped from his bunk with a yell, "Nantucket's sunk, Obed, and we're right over Marm Hackett's garden!" —Literary Notes, Springfield Republican.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

### The Light That Didn't Fail

From out of Maryville comes the story of a light that didn't fail. The *Tribune* reports that when a large negro was taken before a judge charged with the crime of carrying a half-brick concealed about his person, he got off scot-free when he explained that he merely wore it to light his matches on when he wanted to smoke.

—Missouri Notes, Kansas City Times.

### Nerves of Steel

"Well, so long," said the aviator, nonchalantly, as he prepared to drop 5000 feet earthward.

"Pardon me for mentioning it," said the pilot, "but you haven't hooked on your parachute yet."

"Thanks, old top. In another minute I would have been gone without it."

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### The New Labor

EMPLOYER (to clerk who has mislaid papers): But what the devil can you have done with them?

EMPLOYEE (briskly): Well, sir, that is exactly what I have been saying to myself: "What the devil can I have done with them?" —Town Topics (London).

### As Usual

As usual, my monthly allowance had run short. Home went a telegram for money, as usual. Back came a check for half the amount I asked for, as usual. But I fooled them, for I had asked for twice the amount I needed, as usual.

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

### Superior Stuff

"This is elegant whisky, Colonel. May I ask where you got it?"

"Four years ago the field hands wouldn't drink it, so it was stored in the attic. I ran across it the other day."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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### "The Fittest"

A dismal old lady was depressing her long-suffering husband with a monologue on his funeral, and her own epitaph. "Hang it all, missus," he expostulated, as she meandered on about the length of their married life, and came to a hitch at the word "survive." "How do you know you will survive?"

"I have survived," she answered coldly.

—London Morning Post.

FIRST FLAPPER: Oh, you know that fellow, do you? Then he's a common acquaintance.

SECOND FLAPPER: Indeed he is. He's the last word in vulgarity.

—Sans-Gêne (Paris).



P. C. (proposing): I want you to marry me, "Etty and—er—anything you say may be used in evidence against you."

—London Mail.

## Rhymed Reviews

### Success

By

Samuel Hopkins Adams. Houghton Mifflin Co.

COME on! and let's investigate  
The brazen-voiced opinion-  
shapers  
That constitute The Fourth Estate,  
To wit and viz., the daily papers.

You'll learn of tasks that move to tears  
The cub reporter fresh and vernal,  
And truths about the gay careers  
Of this and that important journal.

As blithe a youthful railway man  
As ever booked a reservation  
Was Errol Banneker, or "Ban,"  
Who ran the Manzanita station.

A wreck; a girl; the sweet content  
And peace that erst he knew, were  
blasted;  
For lo came, and lo went  
And left him wholly flabbergasted.

Ambition called. He served the press  
As metropolitan reporter.  
The inky trail to high Success  
And prominence was never shorter.

For soon an editor-in-chief  
(And pretty nearly independent),  
He boomed his sheet beyond belief  
With editorials resplendent.

The bad, bad Owner butted in,  
Obtruding methods more than shady.  
So Ban renounced the job, to win  
His own beloved lo-lady.

The world's affairs, I dare opine,  
With heart affairs don't always dove-  
tail.

The paper part of this is fine;  
Why does there have to be a love  
tale?

Arthur Guiterman.

### Note the Senate, Mr. Wells

MR. H. G. WELLS says America—  
meaning the United States—should  
lead: that it should insist on a Euro-  
pean disarmament and a Pan-European  
League and that if it did insist on those  
things they would come to pass.

Yes, possibly. But can the United  
States insist on anything so long as it  
takes a two-thirds vote in the Senate to  
back up an insistence? Has not the  
Constitution got bracelets and leg-irons  
on our Uncle Sam and fastened him se-  
curely to a state of international inac-  
tion? If Mr. Wells is going to tell us  
what to do, his first duty is to tell us  
what to do with our Constitution. It  
has us pinned down and skewered at  
present so that we cannot respond  
either to inner or outer promptings.

E. S. M.



## A Delightful Test To bring you prettier teeth

This offers you a ten-day test which  
will be a revelation to you. It will  
show you the way to whiter, cleaner,  
safer teeth.

Millions of people of some forty  
races now employ this method. Lead-  
ing dentists everywhere advise it. You  
should learn how much it means to  
you and yours.

### Clouded by a film

Your teeth are clouded more or less  
by film. The fresh film is viscous—  
you can feel it with your tongue. It  
clings to teeth, enters crevices and  
stays.

Old methods of brushing leave much  
of that film intact. The film absorbs  
stains, so the teeth look discolored.  
Film is the basis of tartar.

### How it ruins teeth

That film holds food substance which  
ferments and forms acids. It holds  
the acids in contact with the teeth to  
cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They,  
with tartar, are the chief cause of pyor-  
rhea. So most tooth troubles are now

traced to that film, and they are almost  
universal.

### Now we combat it

Dental science, after long research,  
has found two film combatants. Many  
careful tests have proved their effi-  
ciency. Leading dentists everywhere  
urge their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been  
created, called Pepsodent. It complies  
with modern requirements. And these  
two great film combatants are em-  
bodied in it.

### Two other effects

Pepsodent brings two other effects  
which authority now deems essential.  
It multiplies the starch digestant in  
the saliva.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the  
saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for  
acids which cause decay.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube  
and watch these effects for a while.  
Note how clean the teeth feel after  
using. Mark the absence of the vis-  
cous film. See how teeth whiten as the  
film-coats disappear.

Then judge the benefits by what you  
see and feel. You will be amazed.

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## Unpopular Fiction

(A list of representative novels that no one is reading)

**FOURTH DOWN** (Boobs-Merrill)—The big college novel of the year. The hero, Jack Blevitch, is sent into the annual "gridiron classic" at a critical moment in the last period—to save the day for old Revere. He fumbles the ball, and thereby loses the game. Recommended for the old folks.

**THE ISLE OF DISENCHANTMENT** (But-ton-Burton)—Hiram K. Sinsabaugh, a world-weary young millionaire, sets out in his yacht "to get away from it all." The yacht is wrecked on a desert island which actually is deserted, and he starves to death in no time at all. A "round-the-fire" book.

**TURN TO THE TRITE** (Hoopsch)—The yarn of three crooks who go to a small town to rob the bank. Having completed the coup, they fall under the influence of a sweet, motherly old soul who points out the error of their ways. So they go and rob the post office as well. The kiddies will eat it up.

**HILDA'S CHOICE** (Halt)—Hilda Schinska, an unsophisticated maid of aristocratic birth but reduced circumstances, has to choose between love (as exemplified by an impecunious young Romeo) and riches (as personified by a crusty old malefactor of great wealth). She finally marries the money, and later is darned glad she did.

**THE MAN WHO DREAMED** (Hotten Muffin)—The citizens of Centreville all scoff at old Silas McGuffey—branding him a visionary and a dreamer because he spends all his time monkeying around with inventions, and the like of that. He plugs away at it, however, and finally gets a manufacturing company to back him in putting his invention on the market. It turns out to be a failure, and the citizens of Centreville laugh louder than ever. Just the thing for an ocean voyage.

R. E. S.



NAIVETE

"But my dear madam, it's beginning to get very dark for taking that child's picture."

"Oh, surely there's enough light to take the picture of such a small baby!"  
—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris).*



## Is your skin pale and sallow?

### —How you can rouse it

**SLEEP**, fresh air, exercise—all these contribute to a healthy condition of your skin.

But your skin itself must have special care, if you wish it to show all the beauty and charm of which it is capable. Your skin is a separate organ of your body. Neglect of its special needs may result in an unattractive complexion, even though your general health is good.

If your skin is pale and sallow, use the following treatment to give it color and life:

**ONCE** or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Special treatments for each different skin need are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin your treatment tonight. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York, and Perth, Ontario.



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## Ministerial Sarcasm

When Sir Richard McBride was Prime Minister of British Columbia, he found himself on the same platform as his bitterest political opponent. His opponent spoke first, and flayed Sir Richard alive.

Then Sir Richard's turn came. He spoke for thirty minutes, never alluding to his opponent in the slightest way, until at the close, when he turned to him and said: "Hello, Bill! Are you here?"—*London News.*



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"And for cold water?"  
"Why—that's free!"  
"All right—set that down until it gets cold."  
—L'illustration (Paris).

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TAKE your time! Don't ever hurry. Hurry always leads to worry. Worry is unhygienic, Makes you pale and neurasthenic. What is life without vacation? Pal with Old Procrastination; He's the proper sort of chum. Take your time! There's more to come.

Take your time! You know there's plenty.

If you miss the seven-twenty  
Take the seven-thirty—forty;  
Wait till eight and make it sporty.  
Never lend before you borrow,  
Owe to-day and pay to-morrow.  
Be a snail for precept's sake.  
Take your time! It's yours to take.

Take your time! It's Life Extension. That, at least, is the consension.

If you're winded, weak and haggard,  
Cut out speed and play the laggard;  
Haste is nothing short of madding.

Also you will note I'm adding

One small cautionary line:

Take your time, *but don't take mine!*

Edward W. Barnard.

## As the Crow Flies

SUDDENLY there came a tapping, tapping at my chamber door. Opening it, I saw upon the threshold a frazzled and bedraggled bird. Only this, and nothing more.

"Ah, the raven," I cried. "Enter. Have a seat upon the bust of Pallas. How's the lost Lenore and the rest of the folks?"

"Cut the raven stuff, please," croaked my visitor. "I'm a crow, and I'm all in."

I poured him a little balm, Gilead Three Star, and he sipped it gratefully.

"This real estate business is killing me," he said.

"Real estate business?"

"Exactly. You've heard of suburban lots, only four miles from the City Hall as the crow flies, haven't you? Well, I'm that crow. My first flying job was done years ago for the Cisternhurst Development Company. They advertised in all the magazines. On the strength of my flight they sold all their lots—mostly to out-of-town people who read how metropolitan real estate had made the Astors rich. I felt fierce about it. And guilty? Gosh! Every time I saw a scare-crow I imagined it was some sore lot-owner who had it in for me.

"But I couldn't quit the game; there's a certain fascination about flying as the crow flies. One after another, I flew professionally for the Swampcrest Villa Company, Scruboak Estates and the Goldenglow Park people. Honestly, it's a shame. In the real estate advertisements my flight was shown by the heavy dotted line, right across the city map out into the country, across rivers

## Sure Relief



and everything. When I think of the poor simps who bought lots, trying to make the office by nine o'clock, or home by seven, I vow never to fly as the crow flies again.

"Every time I sight a crowded suburban trolley car, I moults with remorse. My tail feathers are so scarce that I can hardly steer, and yet I stick to the business. I have just signed up to fly as the crow flies for the Pinebarren Gardens Corporation; proving that it is but six miles from Times Square to the company's property; six miles that is, as the crow flies. For this I shamelessly accept a large gilt cage with bath, rent free, in the company's offices, plus meals and maid service. But I loathe it. I feel that I am prostituting my art."

"You should learn to say, Nevermore, like the raven," I suggested brightly after a pause.

The crow cawed dismally.

"I haven't the moral courage," he rasped.

"I have here a little—a very little—Old Crow," I added. "Could I persuade—?"

"You could."

And when at last he winged his way toward the night's Plutonian shore, he was *not* flying as the crow flies.

A. H. F.

## An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.